

ROLLER DERBY

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The Dirty Letters I Get

pg 1

Dearest Lisa,

I am a big fan of yours who lusts over you every day. I wanna fuck your brain out. I don't care what you do on stage and I'M A VIRGIN. I am still a crazy son of a bitch though. I wanna to do shit with you on stage. I wouldn't mind losing my virginity with you on stage. I wouldn't mind losing my virginity with you on stage. I'm serious no bullshit here. Fuck me And after your don piss all over my worn out dick! This is a serious letter Think about-- this will be better than anything your ever done before. If you write me back I can send you picture I'm not fat or even ugly. I Love your audio stuff. I Love to play Rape GG and watch people's disgusted reaction. WRITE ME BACK GODAM IT! I can hold out for you much longer.

M _____ N _____

P.S. Any doubts of my sincerty will vanish when I stick my touge in you honey. You can also stick a chicken wig up my ass!! There will be no substitutes for you Lisa!

Lisa,

This is P _____ M _____ of _____ I'm writing you about a vido I saw a couple of days ago for the first Time "G.G. Allin's (Americas favorite son)" When I SAW you I was completely overwhelmed By your ~~Body~~ Beutiful Preasence. My Partener and I Are working on our first vido realease on our own lable and wanted to know if you could send An In-ertview about your Life and how you have Been affected By The worlds most Hated MAn G.G. Allin, on vido Tape also would you send some pictures of Pornography for my Personel use! I'm Just dying to see you masterBate and HAVE sex with Guys, Girls. I would Trade you snapshots of myself and other Guys, Girls preforming sexual explicit Acts--Any sexual act you would Like to see will Be photographed Just for you!! This is only for personel use, so I cAn fuck myself while Looking at dirty pictures of you and you friends. I hope someday I'll meet you--you Are my Goddess!!

P.S. Send me an up date on the Ceder Street Slutts if you have any infformation.

P.S.S. if Possible A pair of your cum-stained panties would Be nice

You shall be Greatly Rewarded for this sMAll Request!

P _____ M _____

Lisa, ya know, instead of buying your record I should have thrown my money to some crack-o in the street. I would have done more for humanity that way. --Chuck



DEAR LISA

TOO BAD I AM A STARVING AMERIKAN or I would Buy SOMETHing FROM you. Now That You know I'm poor and not a check mailing suburbinite yuspie kid I will not hear from you again. I have to move out of N.J. soon. Got A Room? WE could Fuck every day. I could Live For 5 days on \$20. Poverty is a Foundation of Attitude For me. Anyway fuck You! I still LOVE to MAKE Betiful WOMEN Cum with my tounge and my Dick is still small. Why A FRENch Fag Dude? Why EVAN Married at all? A Scamming Religous false Ritual if you Ask ME. To ME ART & MUSiC ARE AN Institution OF SELF Indulgence. You are Living Proof. But Enough Bullshit Praise cause your not gonna send me free stuff Anyway. Capitolism interferences with our Relationship. Who cares Any way Im just bored thats why I'm writing You. Final NOTE EXPAND Your Musical Horizon MAKE ME Your Drummer, LOVER, Personall Philosipher. I still Lick PUSSY very Good! SEND ME Free SHit cause Im REAL. Tell me how to get to New Hamshire.

C _____ A _____

Alright, let me get this straight. I make LPs, CDs, cassettes, and videos. In the last three years this has taken all my time and \$10,000. Now, if I want to sell these LPs, CDs, cassettes, and videos...if I even (ew, yucky!) entertain hopes of making a profit, then I am a "capitalist swine," "fake," and "conniving female" (quotes from letters not funny enough to print). Or if I choose to give these products away (along with my \$9 panties. let's see...at an average of one panty request per day, plus postage, that would be about \$60 per week), invite you to my house (or take the train to your house, as the letter may be), and A. fuck your brains out, B. piss on your dick, etc , and C. be your penpal, then I am "cool," "a hot babe," and "your idol " OK, I got it

Lisa Carver

P S. Besides, I don't normally wear my underpants while engaging in sex, so how could they be cum-stained? Even if I did wear them--now I don't know about other women--but even at the height of passion, I don't emit anything that could turn into visible crust.

A Critique of Lingerie Catalogs

pg 2

Well, I guess you're probably pretty worried about the economy, and so was I, until I heard on the radio that the two industries that enjoy a boon during a depression are: entertainment and alcohol. Happily, I've chosen both for my profession!

So, now that I know I'm well-off, I'm going to spend a lot of money on underwear, and so should you.

Ujena Oh! Home of the Dog-Faces-Atop-ENORMOUS-Implants. These are hefty girls--in the frightening sense of the word. Even when modelling a housecoat, they all pose as if they're getting TOTALLY rammed up the butt. Right down to the tortured facial expressions. This is where all those highschool beasts that smoked in the bathrooms, fucked the car-shop boys, and terrorized me ended up.

1400 North Shoreline Blvd.
POBox 7211
Mountain View, CA 94039

Night 'n Day Intimates The lingerie doesn't even come close to rivalling Victoria's Secret's, (although this Christmas issue does feature the most beautiful panties I have ever seen--white lace with little, palest of pale blue lace flowers hand-sewn on. Clusters of baby pearls form the centers of the flowers. "Sparkles and fascinates." Only \$18.00, too!) but the abundant sequins, lamé, satin, velvet, tafetta, gold lace, lycra, angora, and sheer chiffon make up the best dresses you'll find anywhere. Rachel ordered \$300 worth of metallic gowns from this catalog with her credit card.

POBox 22
Hanover, PA 17333-0022

Victoria's Secret Lingerie for mature woman who have sex and know they have sex. And for secretaries that can't type.

POBox 16589
Columbus, OH 43216

Linda Evangelista Looks
Awful In Her New Yellow
Bowlcut.



Rachel and I hate Linda Evangelista. You know, the model who said "We

don't work for Vogue, we ARE vogue." and "(The other runway girls) save all the ugly clothes for me, because they say I make everything look good." She says she has the look of the 90's, she says age hasn't touched her, she says she has an interesting face. I hate this woman! And she is ugly, too! And her "best girlfriend" with the cat face is just as bad. These women are all eyelashes and salad diets and jet planes and furs. I'm waiting for her fall, I am just waiting for her fall!

The supermodel R. and I love is CLAUDIA SCHAFFER! Oh! We're in love. My boyfriend has her cheekbones, and I just gaze and gaze at them, and call him Claudia. Claudia is German, and she has these little, almost lidless eyes. I could eat them right off the page, because I LOVE CLAUDIA SCHAFFER! She has big boobs and big hips, and you can bet this woman doesn't stick to lettuce at dinnertime! Claudia is breathtaking in the Guess ads, fresh and pretty on the cover of Vogue, and kind of ugly in real life.

We also like Frederique. Now, that woman has class. She is mysterious. She never smiles! At least, not with her teeth. She never aims to please, not like that stupid tousle-headed lip-surgery/breast enlargement thing who tries desperately to be ultimately sexy and gratifying in every photo she's in in Victoria's Secrets. She's really put on a lot of weight this last year, and you can tell from her face that she boozes it up. Not Frederique! She's a smart little lady. And she will grow old the same way she does everything else--gracefully.

Frédérique



My Early Sexual Experiences



by L. Suckdog

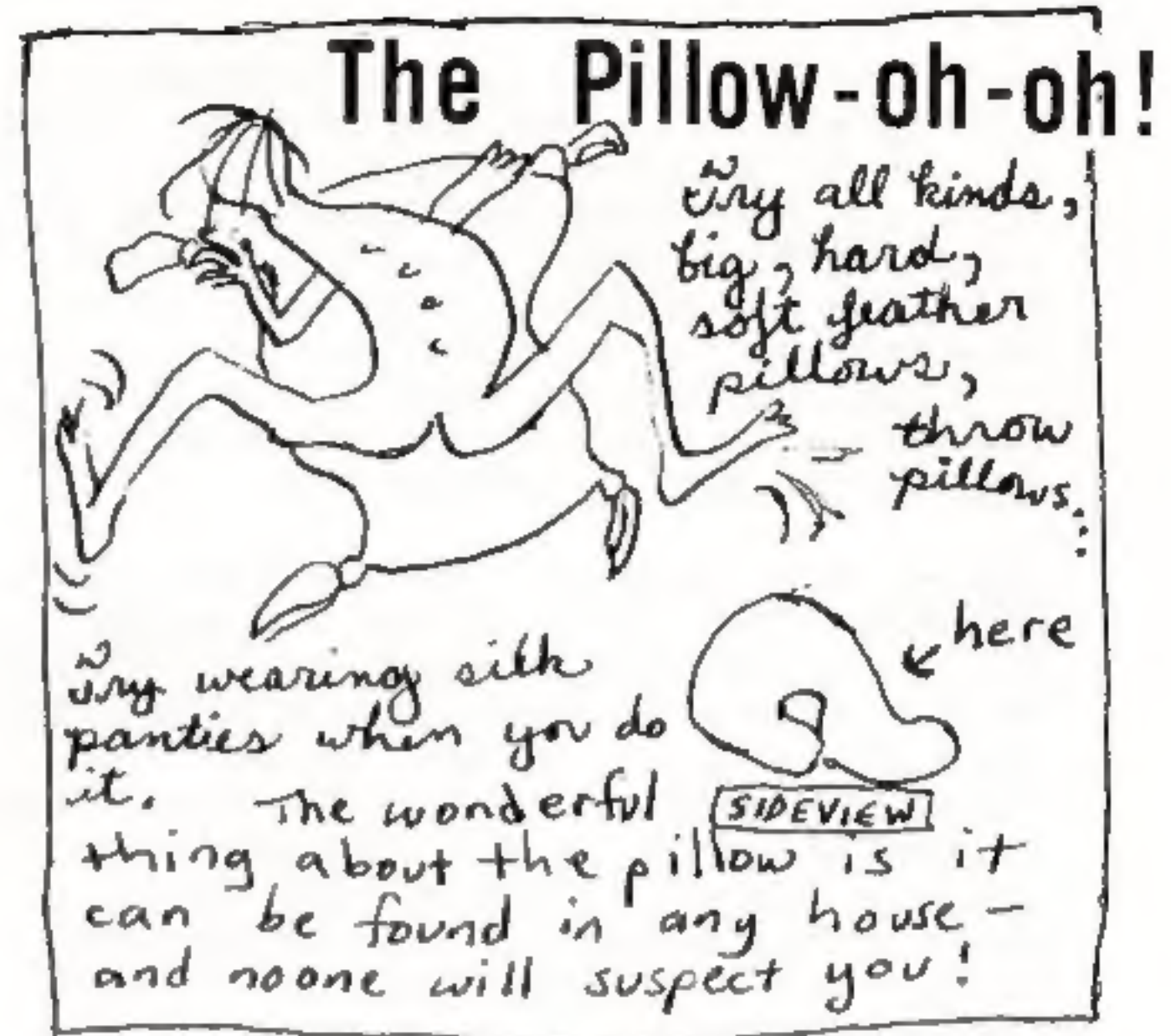
I was lying on the couch when I was 5 or 6, thinking about sex. I thought the object was to pee in the member of the opposite gender. I imagined a man entering a woman and then--oh!--synchronizing their pee explosions. I saw the two streams of urine rushing to meet each other, entwining, the volume creating too much pressure in the woman's canal (my canal) already filled to the bursting point with a fat penis!

Age eleven--Masturbation Ahoy! I was at my neighbor's at the time of discovery, sick sick sick. I was delirious. There were two buckets by the bed--one for vomit, the other for diarrhea. During a lull in my fever, I read a book--*Princess Daisy* by Judith Krantz, and I was excited. The three scenes (in order of intensity) that added to my fever that day, and can to this day make me shiver and roll my eyes: 1.) the brother seducing the sister. She barricades her door against him every night but one, and that night he creeps in, and gently touches her with swirling motions until she starts stirring her hips in her sleep. But that gets him too excited, and he rapes her hard and quick.

2.) The 30 year old ski instructress seducing the confused 15 year old student. Oh God. She makes him undress. She laps him all over, but won't let him move or touch her. When he is half-crazy with desire and frustration, she "lowers her parted lips down on the straining shaft with all the leisure of her thirty years." Afterwards, he is confused no more, and becomes arrogant, and demands cocoa and a hot bath, and then they do it again.

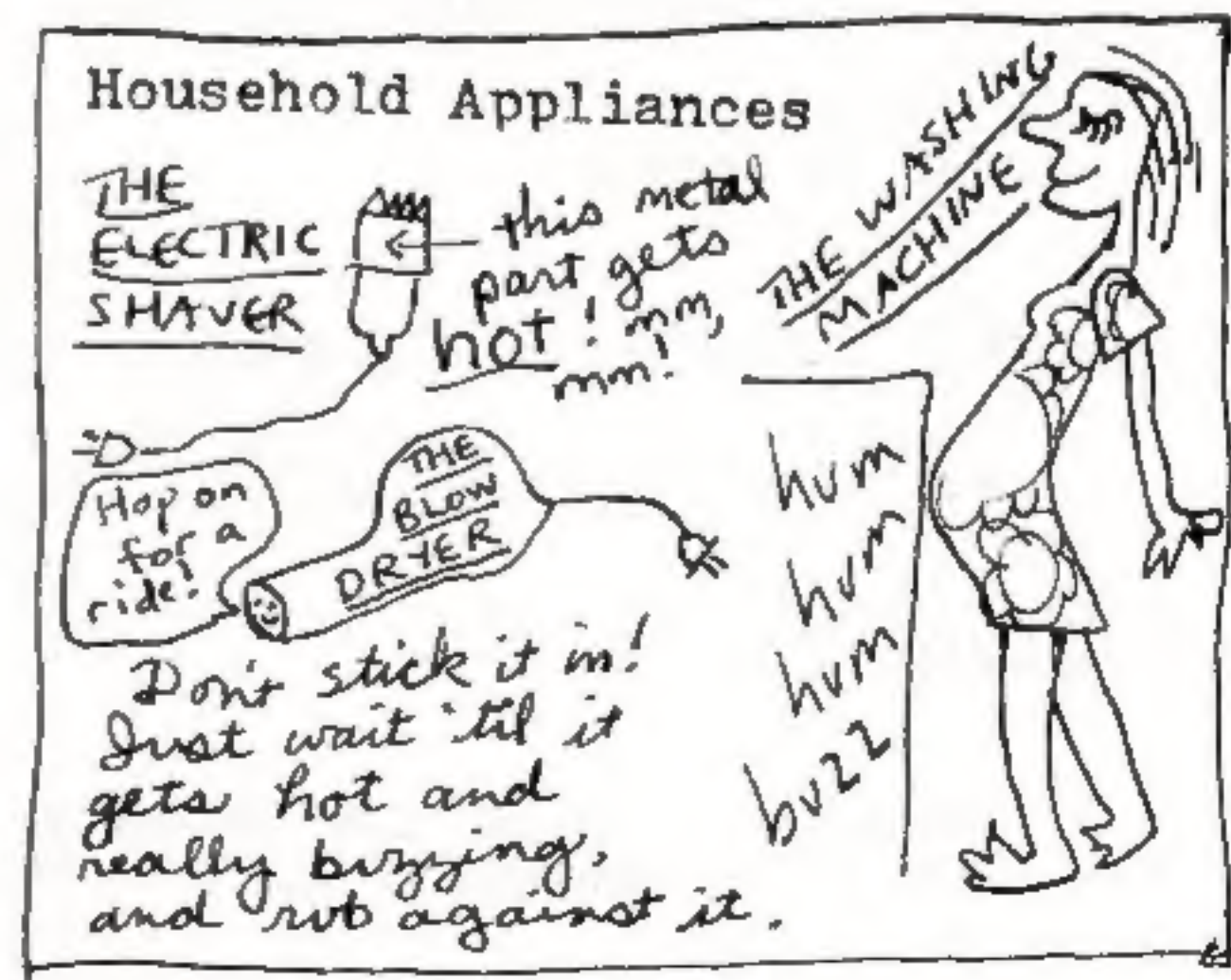
3.) Oh, I can barely even tell you this last one! A woman with long nails seduces the wife of her husband's friend. Topsy cannot believe she has become so excited just by having her nipples sucked and fingertips touched. I cannot say more. It's just too much. After they do it, Miss. Long Nails asks Topsy if she will wear a garter belt and stockings when the two married couples go yachting together next week. Topsy says, "Oh God...yes." Unfortunately, the hot, close atmosphere of this scene is dispersed by having one of the husbands named "Ham."

In my heightened state of excitement, I searched for some way to satisfy these new, mysterious, and demanding URGES. After much experimentation, I found that it felt REALLY GOOD if I would bunch up one end of a pillow into a little ripple, and drive my bucking and as yet untrained little vulva into the hollow at the base of the ripple. I



didn't yet know that the clitoris needs a few minutes between orgasms to "re-fuel," so I would relentlessly pound my post-cum cunny into the pillow hollow again and again and again, until I had to leap off the bed and pee a tiny, tiny bit of hot, stinging pee onto the carpet. I liked doing that. I thought

that that was the orgasm. It didn't stain, and a drop of lemon juice would take away the smell. This rub-til-you-pee ritual lasted about a year, until I discovered household appliances. (See illustration) I liked to do the pillow thing on the rough carpet, and on most days there were oozing sores on the insides of both of my knees. The thought of being caught by my mother thrilled me, and I usually left my bedroom door open while I did it, but she never walked in.



I loved to babysit for the woman upstairs, because in her bedroom dresser were all kinds of sex toys. My favorite was her Butterfly vibrator wrapped in her soft silk panties. I also put whip cream on my private parts and tried to entice her cat to lick it off, but this was far more exciting in concept than in reality.

Later, this neighbor had to have her butt operated on, I guess because of all the banging it received from that scary, prickly device crouching next to the sweet little Butterfly.

Later, this neighbor had her child taken away by the state because of child abuse. It seems the boyfriend did it.



It wasn't until I was eighteen that I discovered the number one form of masturbation--far superior to The Pillow and Household Appliances--The Water Faucet! Helen (yes, the famous one) says she likes to let it just barely dribble onto her you-know-what. I, on the other hand, like to turn the hot FULL ON, and swivel my hips right up to where the water rushes most forcefully. I usually do this after a shower, so just about the time when I'm ready to have my orgasm, the water goes luke-warm, and then pure COLD just as IT HAPPENS. And so, like Pavlov's dog, every time the hot water runs out--say, when I'm doing the dishes--I get this incredible tingly feeling down below.

Long, long before the discovery of the water faucet, I was 12 years old and I had a friend named Ginger. G. liked this guy named Robert, and I liked this guy named Joey. G. and I would sleep over each other's house every weekend, and play a game. "What would you do if Robert did this?" "I would let him." "What would you do if Robert did this?" (G. backs away a bit, but still doesn't fend off Robert and my advances.) "And this?" "...I would...I think I would make him wait until the next date. OK, now what would you do if Joey did this?" Neither R. nor J. got further than intense breast examination. In real life, R. called G. "a good kid, but not as a girlfriend," and the closest I ever got to the real J. was when I flopped down into the seat next to him at the movie theatre, at which point he got up and moved to the other end of the row. G. ditched me in seventh grade--I was placed in Capricorn, while she was in

Gemini. Noone liked the Capricorns because they were such nerds. I didn't like them either. In our highschool senior yearbook, G. was voted "Most Considerate." She then went to college, dropped out, worked at a drug store, got fat, went bleach blonde, and plucked her eyebrows into two little lines. I liked the eyebrows. Robert went on to become "Bob," went to the hospital via ambulance in tenth grade for alcohol-related liver problems, and I sort of stopped seeing him in the halls after that. Joey went on to become "Joe" and a coke-head. He got voted "Nicest Eyes" in eighth grade, looked 25 in ninth grade. I happened to work with him at a fish shop a few years ago for three days before I got fired. He didn't remember me.



Most Considerate
Ginger ~~and Joey~~

More intelligent, fun, and sophisticated than Ginger was my ninth grade friend Kerry. By sophisticated I mean capable of creating and sustaining intricate situations. Neither of us had ever had a boyfriend, and we really wanted one. We looked like two creeps--a year younger than our classmates, skinny, flat-chested, and victims of acne and last year's fashions--but we were ON FIRE with sexual energy. To



She will never forget: all the good times at Dover High, especially the ones with Lisa, Renee, and Kris, the Fish Shanty episode, rooftops, windows and pay phones with LC, candystripping and chasing the criminals with KC, the Rochester party and lunch talks with RT, the Proms 85, the French Club trip to Montreal, always being in front of or in back of MM, the back of Mr. S's class, Mr. B's gym class and being called "Crusher," playing football with the girls, the Rochester Fair and the frog, food fights with BM, the infamous night with TG, her new Wolfeboro friends, the Summer of 85 with Ted, the 4th of July and the Ski Nautique, climbing Mount Washington, learning to downhill and waterski, 34C Grove Street, and the Valentine's Day party. Kerry plans on being happy and successful, and maybe a businesswoman.

XC 1 LC 1 YrBk 2 DC 2 MAT 3 FC 3, 4 NHS 2, 3, 4 Puff 4



make ourselves more attractive, we had "pig-out sessions," searched around for the most natural-looking way to stuff a bra (scarves) and the most effective over-the-counter soldier against zits (Fostex), and read Cosmopolitan religiously. We made up a code language, and exchanged coded messages all schoolday long of our passion for Chin and Z-dog. "Chin" was coded so because his face went straight from his lip to his neck. He was the one I was hot for. "Z-dog" was named after the van of radio station WERZ, to which we imagined this object of Kerry's desire must listen. For famous people, Kerry liked Rick Springfield, and I liked Ivan Lendl.

But we weren't just sitting around bored, waiting for these men to discover our inner beauty. We both worked at Dunkin Donuts, and we loved to fill the donuts, because when you turned the jelly machine on, it made the metal counter vibrate, and, as luck would have it, the edge was at just the right level!

We were always daring each other into new adventures. We masturbated at the same time on separate pillows (I taught her that.) We played tic-tac-toe with grease paints on each other's breasts, bellies, and thighs. We peed in the bushes outside my house. We gave obscene phone calls. We stayed up all night. We put on baldhead wigs and high-heels and streaked through the neighborhood.

Kerry went on to get voted "Nicest Hair," and to go to law school and get engaged to the most boring man in the world. The wildest sexual game they shared was for him to make her nipples hard, and then hang his key ring off it. I couldn't believe she could go from me to him.

Ellen wasn't really my friend, but Kerry had left me, and I needed someone with whom to walk down the school halls. Ellen was blonde and stacked. One night we decided to go to Funspot, the local video hang-out, to get picked up. Two men came over to us, Ellen did all the talking. They drove us out into the

woods. It was my first heterosexual encounter. I was fourteen years old.

I don't know if my guy was actually good-looking or not, but he was a COLLEGE FRESHMAN, so, at the time, I thought he must be good-looking. I let him put his hands between my legs (OUTSIDE the panties), but I didn't feel anything. I fended off his advances to my breasts--I was horrified at the thought of a man--a COLLEGE man--finding out how undeveloped my breasts were. Guessing my thoughts, he said, "Don't worry if they're small." I was mortified. I froze froze froze, and the slim chance he had entertained mere seconds before, of getting fucked in the back seat of the car, turned over and died of starvation. In the front seat, Ellen was in the process of administering a third blow-job to her guy. I had drunk too much, and just managed to fall out the car door before peeing all over my nylons. The one college man having had too much, the other realizing that, not only was he not going to get anything, but that, at this point, he didn't even want it anymore, it was decided that the girls would be driven home now.

Ellen peed her pants in the hallway, then tripped over a lamp and broke it. My mother woke up and grounded me for three months, and threatened to call E.'s parents in the morning, but she never did. A few years later, E. ended up weighing about 300 pounds, and that's about all I know of her.



Record

Cover

Reviews⁶

It's almost impossible to even break even publishing a fanzine. The way most editors make their money is selling the dozens of promos they receive each month. That must be why they review them all--so that the record companies will send a fresh batch to sell next month...noone could actually be interested in all that music! Here are Bill's and my record cover reviews:

Urge Overkill Americruiser (Touch and Go)

LISA: Oh god this is dumb.

BILL: I hate this.

Pounding Serfs (Self-titled) ^K

LISA: Oh no, is that on K?

BILL: The Pounding Serfs...

LISA: They're just, like...dumb...young...people!

FROM THE COVER OF
TIRED TAPE MACHINE BY SMOG

The Dirty Dozen Brass Band The New Orleans Album (Columbia)

THE STRAIGHT MAN: This gets Jazziest of the Issue Award.

THE ONE WHO GETS TO SAY THE FUNNY LINE: That's an award?

Condemek/Joe Colen Rural Neurosis/Schismajam (ERL Records)

LISA: I wish this singles thing would go away

BILL: I've heard the Condemek album. They're a real singles band.

Jandek Somebody In The Snow (Corwood)

LISA: This is one cover that makes me wish we had a stereo. Jandek looks really creepy with his Scandinavian colorlessness and big bent back. What field is that? It must be a special one.

BILL: I think it's time for me to slick my hair back and grow sideburns.



For this cassette,
send \$5 to:
BILL CALLAHAN
PO BOX 820
PASADENA MD 21122

Four Years Of Brett

7

In 1986, I heard a Psycodrama tape, and wrote to them. I went down to Virginia for a week to make a "video" with them. I was a very naive 18, and the trip proved to be a rather traumatic one. On the way back to the train station, I thought it was all over. But Brett and Mark (Bubba) tortured me while I was trapped in the car with long stories of what they would do to "wha" when they came up North.



LISA,

- #1 Don't you know a woman never cusses a man. It's a good thing you live up North where they allow such hus-syism. At least you knew better than to do that down here.
- #2 Respect your elders.
- #3 Terrorism is theatre.
- #4 I change when I am with Mark from a mild-mannered Bowie-lover to Psycodrama. Especially with a bottle of whiskey. At least we had fun. It would have been a boring trip to West Virginia if we didn't entertain ourselves.
- #5 You lusted over Billy Idol while in a motel room with 2 big, hairy, beer-bellied, Southern men. That's enough to get anyone riled up. We're sick of girls preferring unisex 80's sissies to men who look like men.
- #6 No "Waaaaa" prevents men from burping & farting!!!! Bubba-slam on TV all day & on Waaaaa all night. We've been drinking whiskey for 18 hours. Poor, poor Waaaaa. The shame of it all.

* * * * *

Your last letter sounded like you've recovered from the breakdown caused by being in a car with 2 hillbillies. We can't help it if we made you cry, you started the game. Real bikers would have put you in the hospital. Anyway, Mark & I like to do theatre and you were a captive audience. Anyway, you're one of the 00.00000000001% of people that I like, and you sing great when you're drunk, and you're good at biting dangling pickles.

Ballless male sopranos are called castratos. If you think you can become a castrato, then you are insane.

The night you left, the Hell's Angels started a war with the Pagans in that Biker Bar we go to.

The next P-dra tape will be called (I can't write it, because Brett says he doesn't want to be associated with that stuff anymore, and to edit it out of the letters.) Mark doesn't like that name or direction, but tough titties, he doesn't put one cent or one minute into sending out music, he said he'd quit before putting one beer-dollar into art, so it's going to be the worship of...

We played a bunch of shows together. In Philadelphia, an Oriental guy got really upset at P-dra's Southern flag, and a big girl beat me up.

Have you been attacked again by that wildwoman? Mark has gone off on the Vietnam War now, just because of one boy. He wants to have flashbacks, build tiger-traps & villages in the woods. He bought a purple heart & dog tags. He wants to put his name on the Viet-Dead wall in D.C. So, expect that if we get to make video this week. He wants to paint you yellow & put you in a Vietnam village whorehouse.

Why does Rachel never say a word to us?

* * * * *

Brett,

Look, why do you waste your time on that phoney cunt Lisa Suckass. I'm gonna fuck that bitch up if I ever see her. I'm still trying to get the video out.

GG

I thought I should forward this to you. I wrote him back & said because you are a great singer & great on stage & hang my jeans good. And you like Bowie & funk & fun. I told you not to pussy-tease G.G. Now you're going to get it. I got a hat that says #1 Grandpa for when I dye my beard gray. I'm bringing you pink Harley panties.

You missed a great show in Atlanta. The other 12 bands were wonderful (mostly). We came on at 1:30 AM. Mark had sat out in the field drinking massively for 6 hours. He came on stage and staggered around saying bad words. I came on wearing nothing but the pink Harley panties and with black paint on my face and body & sang a few songs about (censored). Meanwhile, Bubba went into the nice gay art audience and hit someone in the face for no reason. Then an @ hit Bubba. You don't hit Bubba after 35 beers. Bubba went wild and repeatedly smashed the boy's face while I was being so gay. It took 10-15 people to pull Bubba off (literally). Bubba said, "OK, it's cool" then jaw-jacked the boy so hard they had to carry him away. The power was cut and the show stopped (We're real showstoppers).

* * * * *

Dear Ms. Dyke Supreme Lisa Big-Star Madonna,

Your offer to come live up there is very tempting. Bob just fired me from his office. He yelled at me like I was an employee or something (I have never been an employee in my life). I called him a motherfucker, wearin a Payne's Biker Bar shirt, appalling the client that was in there, and left. I don't want to go into the suburbs again. I saw Lydia Lunch in D.C. and saw all the same old sickening art-turds, and I never want to go into D.C. again.

Anyway, I don't like it here, except for in my house with tapes & video but that gets boring, and Bob's getting sickening. He's getting straighter and he doesn't like me very much because I'm not. Maybe I'll get \$200 somehow and come try it for a month in Nov. or Dec. I'm going to stay here for fall because fall is real nice on the farm.

Costes arrived in America, and planned shows with Lisa and P-dru.

We have a club/doorman grudge against N.Y.C. that has to be settled. Bubba's going to be the bouncer/doorman. Noone's allowed in without a date (a woman with big tits), no foreigners (except Costes). Also, if anyone wears a strange hair-style or clothes, or has hair in the face, Bubba is going to say "You look too fucked up, man, you cain't come in here fucked-up." Also, anyone coming in has to kiss a Lynard Skynard album. Or Molly Hatchet. I can't wait to do this door-policy show, it is so elite & fashionable.

No, you (Lisa) never told me about going to the hospital. You didn't have to pay the \$210 unless it's the only hospital around where you live. I guess we were too rough for a stage made of rocks, but there was a video camera aimed at us.

* * * * *

Yes, Mark said he's still going to abuse Lisa (not hitting & hurting but still throwing her/you around) because he's a man and can do that if he wants (if he does, I am too, for theatrical sense). If Costes objects, Costes might get punched in the face & be taking a bus home, he says. Mark's allowed to do anything he wants, he's theatre director. My advice to Costes is not to say anything more on the subject. And he shouldn't ask Mark to protect Lisa from G.G., because Mark really like's G.G.'s theatre (so do I) and Lisa brought it on with her cock-teasing, anyway.

* * * * *

I realized after your phone call that since you didn't want us to rough up your pregnant body, that means you're going to have the baby. That's putrid. Are you going to live with Costes in France with a baby? Yuk, hetero.

I don't know about Mark (can't tell his talk from the truth), but I'm not going to rough you up in Chicago. Not because of the baby, but because G.G./Bloody/Punks will be there, and that's whay they expect. I'm going to sit. (I mean it this time).

Costes--on your flyer, what does herpes have to do with polygamy, or is that dada?

* * * * *

Now I have to move into my wonderful new house in the mountains, 5 miles from West Virginia, 25 miles from any civilization, with no neighbors, on a little dead-end road. There's a good chance that will stop me from coming to N.Y.C. on the 24th. I'll have to build a chicken coop & a goose house instead because they won't have anyplace to live.

G.G. writes poetry, what a faggot. Out here, men don't write poetry. They have stomachs.

* * * * *

Here I am back in the trees & farmland. I can walk back & forth across the road with my eyes shut. A man came up to me in the store and told me about how he was fishing for trout, but he caught a turtle. He didn't mention the Butthole Surfers.

I got that stupid Forced Exposure. Bordeaux is supposed to be Bordo. They didn't print any pictures of my wife/kids/guns/truck/church. What is that idiotic Mistress Mooning bullshit? And the reviewer of your video called me a "man", said he hated farms & overall, and was sarcastic about my dancing. I hates them.

I wasn't joking when I said I'm glad we cain't play nowhere. Mark & I have been having an ongoing "argument." He tells me to stop being dumb & go do shows. I tell him to stop dreaming dumb & come fishing drinking & camping in W. Virginia. I said I won't even try to arrange an East Coast show anymore, so he's been depending on you. Now, maybe he'll realize that those damn city folk don't want our kind coming to the city & we should stay where we belong.

Why'd you cross out the names? They're talking about me, your best girlfriend, we share everything about the boys with eachother.

You should arrange time on your tour when you're around here to come out in the beautiful mountains and make a video. I would cancel the d.c. Space

show if I were you Playing there is worthless, stepping on an ant is more meaningful.

* * * * *

I'm sorry I haven't written. I went into hibernation in the mountains for more than a month and didn't write or call anyone. I'm still hardly writing anyone, I'm becoming a hermit hiding out in the hills. I'm getting tired of trying to do music/art. People are so stupid and I'm getting tired of them. Anything that involves me & humans will fail. Mark & humans doesn't work either. Fuck the world.

There's no computer out here & no "accounting" phone calls to answer, so I'm hardly making any money at all, so I can't come to France. I can hardly buy whiskey & cigars. I'm probably going to be dirt-poor for the rest of my life, so I'll probably just drink myself to death out in the mountains & that's it. No N.Y.C., no art/music, no Europe, no fame, just whiskey & death & mountains. The important thing is NO humans.

Since you'll probably be one of the few I'll be writing to now, let's trade tapes again. I really would like the disco/pop music you can get on the radio over there. Please send some. Here's the new Psycodrama tape called "Fifi-Poop-Butt Shits Jesus Out His Ass And Attacks The Audience With A Dead Baby Goat."

Too drunk to write more,
Brett

I was just about to mail the other letter when I got your beautiful Jesus postcard. Bob looked at it and said "It makes my eyes burn," which shows that he's a child of Satan.

Mark & I were going to advertise a Psycodrama CD for sale and send whoever sent us money a dead CrowDad, but then I died out here.

Out here in the hills, mortuary attendant means absolutely nothing, that's another world.

9

I got Mark to camp in a shelter we might use to video in on top of a mountain. I've never heard so much whining from a "man" in my life. The moon was full & we overlooked a valley & town & it was beautiful. Mark wouldn't sleep outdoors & kept me awake all night, so now I'm in my 24th hour of drinking. (& talking for 20 hours about donkey dicks)

* * * * *

Well, I can write now. I went camping with Mark again. We went on top of a mountain about a mile from the car and set up camp. Of course Mark didn't bring any kind of a tent or blankets (He brought books & tapes & literature as his survival equipment like he was going to visit Andy in Boston or something.) so I was making him a tent out of a sheet of plastic and I fell on that arm again & knocked the arm bone 6 inches away from the shoulder blade. It was 10:00 at night & a mile of cliffs, rocks, & woods to the car. I panicked because the first time my shoulder went out there was unbearable pain in about 2-3 hours so I couldn't imagine what it would be like by morning. So we took off into the woods with a little lantern. I told Mark to bring the flashlight, but he didn't. (I couldn't carry anything but my arm). About 1/4 mile down the lantern ran out of fuel (we were lost anyway), and it was real dark. We stumbled around, Mark almost fell off a cliff and we were stuck in thickets. So we gave up. I found one precise position to sit in so the pain wasn't so bad & had to sit just like that for 9 hours until dawn. It rained and was real cold & windy. I shook for 5 hours (Mark had dropped my coat along the way). Mark kept saying "Fuck the country, I'm going to Boston" & that he wished he was in Manhattan with Mykel Board instead of in the mountains with a hillbilly.

* * * * *

THAT'S MY STAGE

NAME OUT (HERE)

BRETT, 1954-1988



NOT DRINK + FUCK
OR
DRINK + FIGHT

THIS IS FOR
REAL
MEN

THESE ARE
CHILDREN'S
GAMES

"I WAS BORN A COUNTRY GIRL, & WILL DIE A COUNTRY GIRL"

Thank you for the tobacco & tapes,
The tobacco is sweet pipe tobacco
which is sickening, but what I've heard
of the tapes is real good.

A letter from a straight person
got delivered here by mistake & it had
Adidas-Art with the letter including a
price-tag for 100-something dollars.
I vomited.

* * * * *
After two years of not playing
together, we arranged a show for Boston.

I've been keeping a list of things
Mark & I think of to do at the show. I
want to die 100 times in the story.
Every time I'm not singing, I'm going
to die. Here's what we got so far.

- * Throw beer coasters at eachother
- * Sing in the wrong end of mic & get
mad at soundman
- * Susan's intro for us--"The best damn
band in the world"
- * Lisa gives birth to a 44
- * Wear Califlour ears (Mark)
- * Glue chicken feathers on rocks

Well, that's how Mark & I practice for
a show. Oh, one more--

- * Tell the same joke over & over & o-
ver & over The joke--we drag a
queen around on the floor & say
"Look, I'm a Drag Queen."

Mark & I got drunk at the race-
track & decided to change the name
"Psycodrama" to "Ignorent". I was
real drunk and laughed for 3 hours a-
bout being called ignorent. I kept
Mark up all night laughing to myself.
So tell everyone who mentions us that
we're now ignorent.

* * * * *
We got drunk in the mountains a-
gain & changed our name again so now
it's Psycodrama/Ignorent/The Charley
Daniels Band. I think I'm Charlie
Daniels now.

* * * * *
Mark was & still is furious with
you because he feels betrayed. (because
I got drunk and lost and missed the show)

There are at least two videos of
the show. One was taken by a woman
from CYK Productions and has Bubba
yelling at you & you crying & you
passing out on the sidewalk & two peo-
ple carrying you with your dress over
your head & you waking up & going into
hysterics. Whaa says he's going to
buy it just to see you crying.

MARK IS MAD
AT ME ↴

Photo: M. J. Tewksbury



Vaginal Davis / Glen Meadmore



Why I Don't Like The 'Cassette Underground':

1. They all want to be buddies.
2. They like mail.
3. They don't want to be famous.
4. They don't want to make money.

Why I'm Not Impressed By 'Rockers':

They are so proud of their "decadence", but what they do on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, my two little cats do 7 days a week: stay up all night, break things, howl (or, rather, yowl), and fuck like beasts.



Why I Like Fags:

They are glamorous, sensational, and--most of all--they are FUNNY. At least, the ones in California are. They are the only people I know of that are glamorous, sensational, and FUNNY.



I sent a bunch of questions to Vaginal Creme Davis and Glen Meadmore, and they answered on cassette. December 1990

"I am not a Pookbah. I am not a whore. I am a princess."

VAG: Okaaay, these are the questions that Miss Lisa wants to ask us--

GLEN: (long laugh)

VAG: What, are you in your Bitter Queen mood today?!

GLEN: Uh huh. We're huddled in Vag's apartment with no lights on.



VAG: Vag only has a make-up mirror with three of the four lights burnt out and a t.v. for lighting. That's all the light that Vaginal Creme Davis--a superstar--has.

ROLLERDERBY: Give the names of everyone present and everyone else you know.

VAG: Gosh! She does ask the probing questions!

GLEN: That's a real mind-prober.

VAG: Well, who's here?

GLEN: Me and you.

VAG: We're both single ladies. Yes, we've never been married, not even once.

Un-cut penis



like the universe

lacks a sense of humor

Illustrations by Vag

RD: Let's talk about famous people. The most ugly, most talented, most old, etc.

VAG: Well, I think Iggy Pop is ugly

GLEN: Do you know him?

VAG: YES, I know Iggy! Remember when we were in New York, we got off the subway station, who's the first person we run into but IGGY POP? He has a stupid girlfriend. Isn't he a homo, though?

GLEN: I heard he's a swinger.

VAG: Well, do you consider him ugly?

GLEN: No, I don't consider him exceptionally ugly.

VAG: Would you suck his dick?

GLEN: No.

VAG: Well, he must be pretty ugly then, if YOU wouldn't suck his dick!

GLEN: I wouldn't suck any dick unless it's a beer-can dick.

VAG: (screams) The morals of an alley cat! An ALLEY CAT! Oh Gaaawd.... The most old? Johnny Carson. Rick Taylor! (Rick Taylor was the host of "\$1.98 Beauty Show" --ed.) We were at the French market place when we ran into her And boy, is she a queen!

GLEN: Rings galore. She was wearing these HUGE diamond bejeweled rings and I said, "I love your rings," and she said, "I do too."

VAG: (explosive laughter) Oh, she's such a queen, I'm surprised she didn't have a tiara on!

RD: Do you consider your Fertile LaToyah Jackson to be a magazine containing lies or false information, or is it all true?

VAG: Fertile LaToyah Jackson gets to the heart of the matter, goes deeper than what truth is. What is truth? It says in the bible that the truth will set you free, and Fertile certainly listens to that claim.

GLEN: And more.

RD: When Glen, Vaginal, and Lisa went to the beach, the word "basket" was bandied about quite a bit. Let's talk about baskets.

VAG: (whooping) Remember that time?! We went to Will Rogers, the gay beach in Santa Monica. Lisa had a string bikini on, and I was wearing my little lame 1920's men's bathing suit.

GLEN: I had a women's bathing suit on, I think

VAG: I had tons of suntan lotion But baskets!



GLEN MGA-MORE Photo: Aes-Nihil



WHAT FERTILE SEZ PEOPLE COPY

13

dainty

A gaye boy who is very slight and Roddy McDowell-ey, and that raps his coat or sweater around his waist as he dances and flits with it like he's wearing a hoop skirt.

evil taco

1. Soggy, greasy vagina
2. Vagina that has had so much cunnilingus that it festers.

a real UCLA-er

any pretentious college student that thinks they're hip when they're not.

skidmarks

the condition or malady of someone who has been anally penetrated so much that they've lost all muscle control in the sphincter and so whenever they think they have to just lay a simple fart it embarrassingly turns into a wet syrupy bowel movement.

lactating koala

Voraciously sexual young man whose nipples when excited secrete a dense milky quasi seminal substance.

PMS

The psychological condition that a prissy homey-sexual goes through when he can't get his way.

Example: Leave Merv Griffin alone, he's going through fierce PMS.

thump

The noise that an extremely large flacid penis makes when it removed from confining Speedo swim shorts.

-reprinted from Fertile LaToyah Jackson Magazine.-

GLEN: The things that get our attention. A basket is a huge bulge anywhere in a man's groin that can be seen from a mile away. (chuckles from both men)

VAG: Especially when they're wearing Hustler White jeans.

GLEN: Uh huh.

VAG: Miss Meadmore's got on her Hustler White jeans tonight! HUSTLER WHITE! You're probably asking, "What is Hustler White?" It's the new color for spring. You can't be caught dead in any color this spring except Hustler White!

GLEN: Especially when you're on Santa Monica Boulevard.

VAG: Cus it's the kind of dingy white your pants get when you've been living on the streets just a little bit too long. And that dingy color is just so dingy you, like, see the outline of the butt very well, and especially the basket--there's a huge, huge bulge in front. Yes, yes. Miss Meadmore, what entails a really good basket for you, a basket you can take notice of?

GLEN: Well, I always look for something that's really prominent.

VAG: Mm hm!

GLEN: Something that's really round...and sticks out.

VAG: Sticks out! Honey, I heard that!

RD: Bands, past and present, that you have been in.

GLEN: The very first band I was in was a rock parody band called The Goofers. We did real repetitious, simplistic music. It was around 1975. I played bass in a blues band called Blues Oven. Then I played synthesizer and keyboards for a folk art rock band called Skinned Knees And Elbows. I sang and played guitar and bass and sang in a punk band called Psychiatrist. And The Naked Girls, we did discordant rock. Then I did solo Glen Meadmore performances until I joined Pedro Muriel's Esther with Vag. Then I started my own country band.

VAG: OK, now it's my turn! Pedro Muriel's Esther, we're a speedmetal retro positive punk thrash band. Then I've got The Afro Sisters. We're a gospel aerobic group. It's me, Pussi Washington, Fertile LaToyah Jackson, Clitoris Turner, and Urethra Franklin. Then I have another group, called Chalita, and Chalita is the female Menuda. Some of our songs are called: (I don't know Spanish. --ed.) which means, "I Am Not A Poobah. I am Not A Whore. I Am A Princess." And (?) which means, "Butt-Maniac." I was in a glitter-glam parody band called "The Gore-Gore Band" in the early '80's, and that was a real stupid band. We had a record out, which did surprisingly well. I was in some punk bands in the late '70's. I was in "Castration Squad" and "The Eyes."

GLEN: I didn't know that. What did you do in those bands?

VAG: I played guitar

GLEN: Ah ha ha ha ho! Tell me another lie!

VAG: I played lead guitar. I was a goddamn good guitar player.

GLEN: (loud laughter)

VAG: I was also in Fleetwood Mac

GLEN: That's better.

VAG: I was in it for five months, but I had to quit because Mick Fleetwood wanted to have an affair with me, and he was just too ugly, I couldn't take it. I don't like to have sex with men who are too ugly, especially if we're in the same band together.

RD: Why have you stopped drinking as much, Vaginal?

VAG: Because I don't like the effects of alcohol on my face. I have to be glamorous in those fashion magazines. That doesn't mean I don't drink at all. I still have my glass of champagne here and there, and my Cabernet Sauvignon. When I'm performing, I drink Evian, mm hm.

RD: Glen, why don't you drink?

GLEN: First of all, I can't stand the taste of it. I'm too delicate for such harsh things.

VAG: Lies, lies, lies! She's drunk right now!

GLEN: I always want to be totally in control of what my mind is doing.

RD: Bunny. Explain what Bunny is.

GLEN: Bunny is the epitome of delusion. She's a person who's totally into her own world and manipulates people to support her in that world.

VAG: The Goddess Bunny is the epitome of glamour and beauty and raw sexuality, and she'll stop at no lengths to further the responsibility of glamour in not only her life, but other's as well, because Bunny is glamour personified. The Goddess Bunny is glamour. And you won't read that in any

magazine, because Bunny is beyond couture. 14
Do you agree, Miss Meadmore?

GLEN: Yeah, if decadence is glamour.

RD: Tell about the kinds of people Bunny sleeps with.

GLEN: Oh, she'll sleep with any hustler trash who'll pull down her pants for her, which is quite a few, I must say.

VAG: How does she get 'em?

GLEN: I don't know, I think it's pity-fucking.

VAG: (fits of laughter) Let's describe her for people who may not have had the benefit of seeing Bunny in person.

GLEN: She looks like an extreme concentration camp victim who, after she left the camp, became anorexic. And she had some really incredible operations performed on her by Dr. Mengele.

VAG: I would describe Bunny as a paraplegic transvestite prostitute

GLEN: She's a guy, and she stands about four feet tall, but she does drag.

VAG: She's beautiful

GLEN: Or at least she thinks she's beautiful. She thinks she's the epitome of beauty

VAG: Well, she is beautiful in one aspect--the art photographer Joel Peter Witkins took her picture, and she's famous all over the world now. When I was in Paris, her photograph was hanging in The Louvre.

GLEN: If beauty is international exposure, then she's--

VAG: The most beautiful woman in the world.

RD: What was she doing behind the desk in that office with all the 8x10 glossies on the wall?

GLEN: She was running her casting/modelling

VAGINAL CREME DAVIS Photo by Rick Castro



agency. Those photos were Bunny's clients.

VAG: The Goddess Bunny had her own talent agency of hustler trash.

RD: Tell me how awful the movie "Small White House", from which I (your editor) was fired, and Vag was written out of. Was it really dull?

GLEN: It was nice to look at I didn't mind it at all

VAG: We went to the Gala Premiere It didn't keep my interest Richard Newton (the writer/director --ed) is one of the most uninspiring people I've ever met The girl who replaced Lisa, she's really pretty.

GLEN: Lisa would have liked to have had an affair with her. I think Lisa met her. She's part Indian, she's real sweet.

VAG: She's real pretty. She's kind of tubby. She was cute, but she couldn't act her way out of a paper bag, she really couldn't. Most of the people in the movie couldn't.

GLEN: It didn't bother me that they couldn't act.

VAG: It didn't bother me either, because there were some people who looked really good. The script was so lame

GLEN: I must mention, he did win first prize at--what's that country?--The Portugal Film Festival

VAG: The Portugal Film Festival ain't The Cannes, so honey, take that in stride. So, so much for Mr Stupid Richard Newton



Two big titted white ladies trying to get a cab

RD: How is each one of your love lives?

GLEN: You should know better than to ask two old bitter queens about their love lives! (ribald laughter)

VAG: I'm trying not to be so bitter about my predicament. We're going on tour in Canada, and we hope to find some hot men there. At least they'll be fresh, as opposed to these LA boys.

GLEN: I think we came to the same conclusion, that we're not ready to have a relationship.

VAG: Well, I came to the conclusion that I don't have anything to give in a relationship, and I probably don't really want one. But, you know, I wouldn't turn down a big dick on a regular basis

RD: How do you suggest I go through my divorce with Costes?

VAG: Drag it out and try to get half of all he's got Find out what the laws are in the state that you guys got married in, and just c-l-e-a-n up, like Ivana, honey. Costes is obviously a wealthy French Aristocrat, and I think he's got a pretty colorful stash there, so honey, you better lay claim to it, because you're going to need that money to finance all your artistic endeavours. Don't say, "Oh, I just want to be rid of him."--that's the wrong attitude. Get rid of him by getting all his money, whatever he's got. Milk him dry. Milk Costes DRY, Lisa!

RD: What do you like in a boy?

GLEN: I like a guy who's intellectual, kind of shy, real masculine, secure in his masculinity, but a bit of insecurity, a bit intimidated by me Physically, I like guys who are thin or wiry, and then, big penises Big, thick, fat penises come into it, too

VAG: Don't they always?

GLEN: I like a guy who's kind of moody and quiet

VAG: I like a boy who knows what he wants and goes after it I like boys who pursue me, because I'm basically shy and very girlish, and I wait to be swept off my feet, you know I want my hero I want a man who's strong and determined, and doesn't pussy-foot around, and he sees me, he sees me for being the beautiful giant black woman that I am, and he wants me, and he picks me up and carries me out to his castle and just devours me with love, you know--that's the kind of boy I like, and...uh...good luck! I love Jewish boys' I love big, muscular Jewish boys with big, thick penises--you know, mushroomheads. I love Latin boys, Mexican boys, Puerto Ricans, I'd love to have a sexy hot black boyfriend with a big old bulbous dick and a nice round bubble ledged butt, but all the black boys are chasing after those white boys or those white girls, so they don't want another blacktress, soooo...I guess I'm suck with my fantasies, uh huh I like intellectual boys I like boys who wear glasses I like hunky nerds I like humpy, hunky nerds You know, they look like they're complete nerd, and they got glasses on, but then you take off all their clothes and they got this great, fantastic body, and they can really plow you Yeah, I like being plowed, mm hm



GLEN
MEADMORE

RD: What do you think of boys with tattoos?

VAG: I kind of think of boys with tattoos--or girls with tattoos--as being a little bit common.

RD: Boys with average-sized dicks?

GLEN: We just think averagely of them. (ribald laughter)

RD: Boys that don't speak English?

VAG: We love them! I think that's what ruins a lot of boys: that they speak English.

RD: Boys that don't think they're gay?

VAG: We can see right through them

RD: Boys that have really been around the block?

VAG: It depends on what block'

GLEN: If they're still in one piece...

RD: Describe your ideal evening with the ideal man. Use detail

GLEN: Fantasy time. First of all, we'd be in Sweden. We'd go skiing. Then we'd go up to the chalet and cuddle by the open fireplace, listening to some classical music, and then head to our big, stuffed bed with big quilts and down comforters and soft, soft pillows, and watch the snow falling out of our window on a huge mountaintop, and then have luxurious sex.

VAG: Uh huh' Well, my ideal evening with a man wouldn't be confined just to the evening, honey. It would start early in the mid-afternoon, and it would be a whole weekend of being with this man. He would come over to my place, cuz I live on Sunset Blvd in a beautiful penthouse suite. He would lie in my circular waterbed (that me and Miss Meadmore are lying in right now), and we'd have lots of foreplay, just hours and hours of foreplay. The man would just fuck me continuously for, like, 3 or 4 days. You know, not just the weekend, but a week. The man would never be out of me. He'd have really big feet, and I'd be sucking them. He'd be really good-looking with curly hair or wavy hair or full hair, and really nice, juicy lips and nice chest, nice pecs, nice arms, nice muscles, nice butt, big penis. It would go on for days, we'd just take breathers to get food or go to the bathroom.

RD: What do you like to read?

GLEN: I love the movie star biographies. I'm reading Gloria Swanson on Swanson now.

VAG: I'm reading a book by Dicken Welch. Gwendolyn Brookes is one of my favorite black poets.

RD: Favorite films?

VAG: I just saw last week Henry And June, and that was one of the most sensual movies I've ever seen. It was so sexy! That Uma Thurmann and that Maria (?) (who plays Anais Nin)--they were just sexy together! Made me dream of having lesbian sex with one of my girlfriends.

GLEN: I just saw Dancing With Wolves. It made the Indians look good for a change. It was beautifully shot, well-acted, everything was perfect--

VAG: There were some sexy Indian boys too!

GLEN: --and it was very uplifting. It gave me a lot of energy.

VAG: I just saw this other movie called The Natural History of Parking Lots with two sexy young boys in it. That was a movie made in L.A., in black and white, an independent, cheaply-made film; I don't know if it'll be playing on the East Coast.

RD: Is Hollywood really jaded?

GLEN: Hollywood's getting more desperate.

RD: Tell about Danielle's astrological charts.

VAG: Oh, who cares? (grim laughter)

RD: Tell me about your trip to Paris, Vag.

VAG: Paris was great, there were a lot of sexy, hot boys. I went to The Trap, on the left bank, which is like The Meatrack here, and I fucked the biggest dick--it was like half of a leg. Paris is such a people-watching city. There're so many good-looking guys in Paris, it makes your mouth water and drop, it makes you want to just get on your hands and knees on the Champs de Lysee and just suck off everyone that walks up to you. It's amazing.

RD: What do you do when you're sad?

GLEN: Sometimes I just cry.

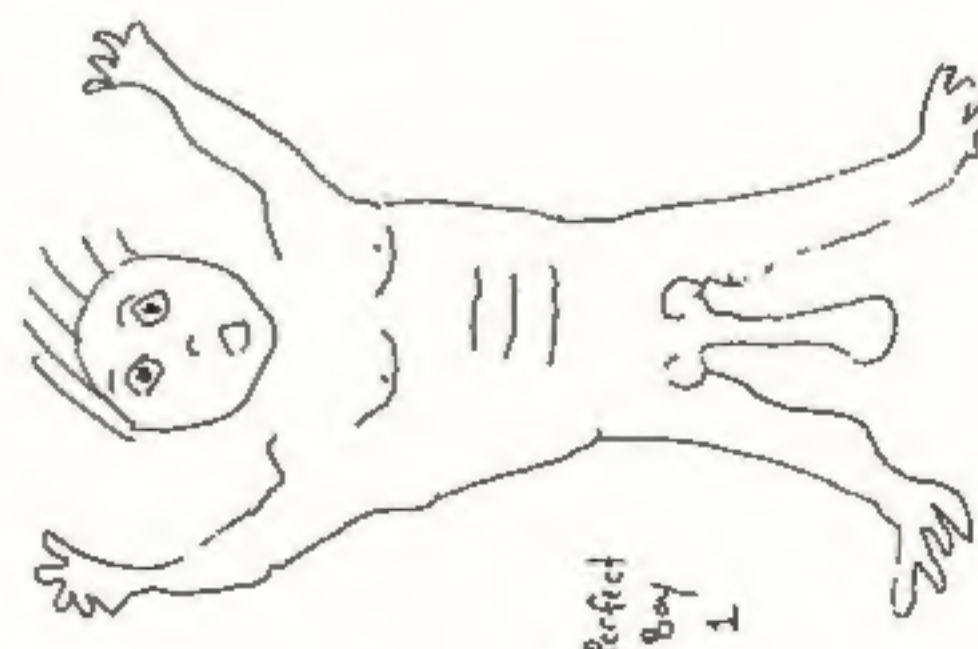
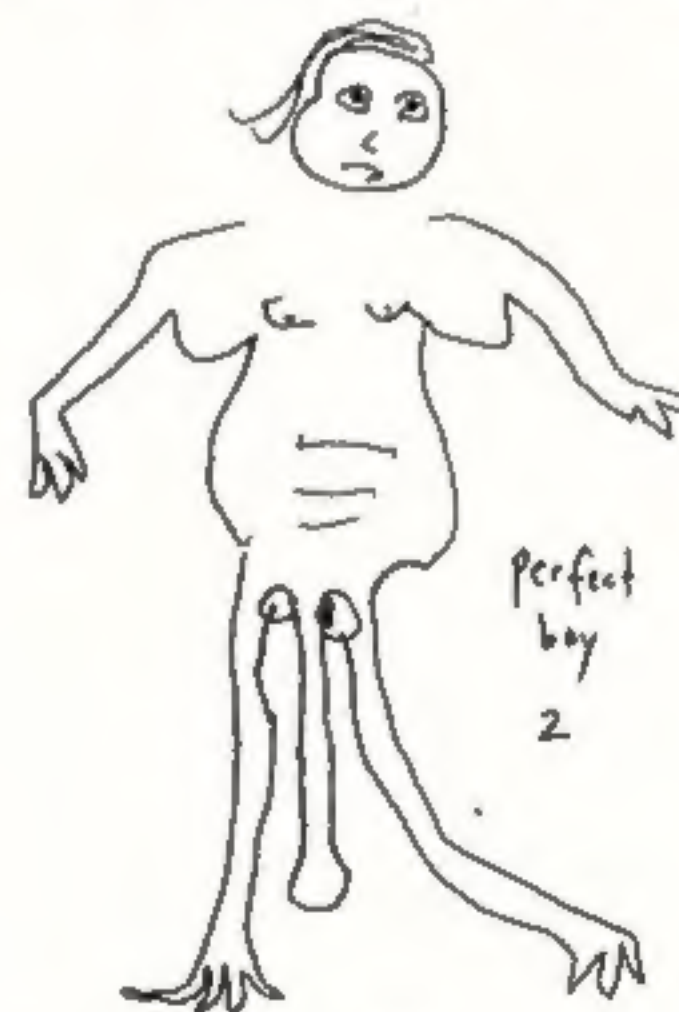
VAG: I've been getting really sad lately, too, just sort of crying myself to sleep. But basically what I do is I write these little Vaginal books, and I vent out all my frustration there. And I cry.

GLEN: I think it's good to just be sad.

VAG: Or, act out a scenario. I do these scenes where I imagine myself starring in this screenplay that I'm working on.

RD: Could you please give some make-up tips?

VAG: False eyelashes, very important.



GLEN: Do your eyebrows really good, cuz that's the most important thing.

VAG: The eyebrows should have an arch. That's the new look for eyebrows.

GLEN: Make your eyebrows real distinct.

VAG: And eye-liner on the top, but not the bottom

GLEN: Oh, this is the big make-up tip! Never underline your eyes with anything dark, cuz that makes you look old

VAG: If you're going to underline, do it with a lighter shade I've learned that trick

GLEN: Really

VAG: Chanel base and Bourgesia shadows

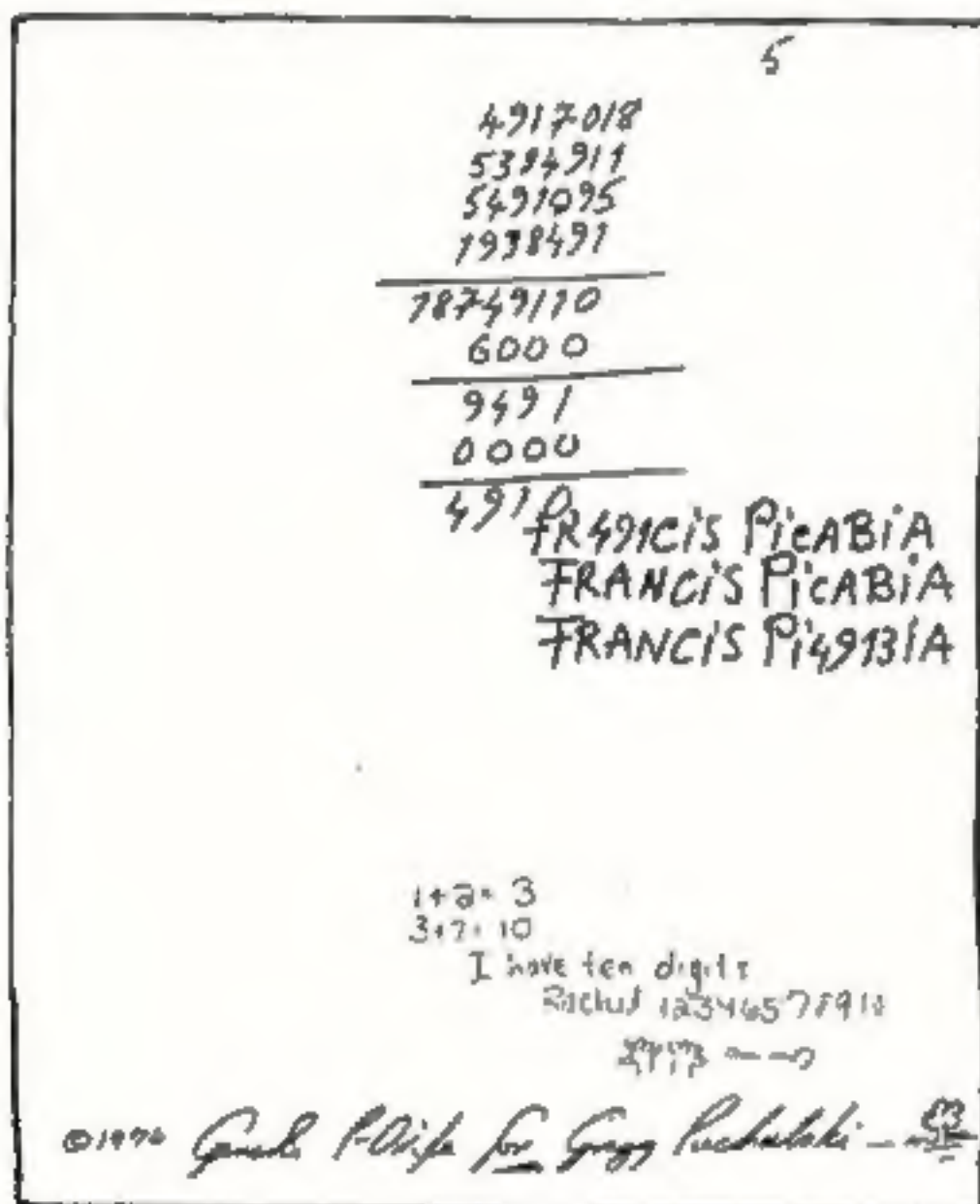
GLEN: I like waterbase

VAG: None of that oily base, you gotta protect that skin Matte lip-sticks They're the best And line your lips, honey

GLEN: I like shiny lipstick.

VAG: Well, you're tired. You're a tired old queen!

-TAPE RUNS OUT-



Dear Lisa,

I wanted to fuck your twot, but you said you don't want me to, so now I don't want to either. I wanted you to suck my dick, but you said you only give generic blow-jobs so to stop dreaming about it, so now I don't want you to suck my dick either. But you think that just because you don't want me to fuck you up the ass that I OWE it to you not to want to fuck you up the ass either BUT I STILL WANT TO! If you want freedom of self expression for yourself, musn't you grant the same freedom to your fans? I no longer think about fucking your twot or mouth. But sometimes I think about fucking your ass or licking your twot & my little dick gets hard. Hey, it's a free country, isn't it? I used to fantasize about spanking you. I don't any more. Now I fantasize about birching your bottom. Is this progress? You probably love to put your tongue up people's assholes but don't want to admit it to me. Is it because my dick is too small?

--Elliot Can'tsin

17 I knew there was something about him that intrigued me. I had seen him before with his Neo-Nazi friends.

So involved in that racial hatred thing

I couldn't help but notice him.

Tall, blonde, muscular
Aryan youthquaker.

How was I ever going to meet him?

What a dilemma.

Overcoming my initial shyness and hesitation I made my approach.

One thing was certain,
he hated the color of my skin,
but many young couples have overcome similar obstacles.

Risking possible rejection
I ventured, "Hi, hot skin head
wannna come over to my place for sex?"

"Fuck you nigger"

One must sift through trial and tribulation to achieve true happiness.

Should I will persist?

He's only teasing me?

Those blue eyes barreling in perfection
two pairs of rosy cheeks
play misty for me,

Play it as it lays.

Funny,
mad about a boy
so different from myself
yet, so alike

I don't even know his name.

. . . and opposites, do attract
cold climate, warm

something about Africa being closer
to the Equator.

My mother is not exactly supportive
she fails to understand

To lynch is to love

its the only way he knows how to show affection,
the poor dear.

somepeople have difficulty
articulating their inner
most feelings

. . . and love covers a multitude of sins.

The above lovely poem comes from
Vaginal's magazine Rich Jewish Husband.

VAG's address: 7850 SUNSET BLVD 110
WEST HOLLYWOOD CA 90046

GLEN's address: 7467 HOLLYWOOD BLVD 2
HOLLYWOOD CA 90046

SEBADOH

LOU BARLOW
74 GLENWOOD RD
SOMERVILLE MA 02145

- tape goes on -

ROLLERDERBY: You know, if she's really bothering you, you can give her an orgasm. Put a sock over your hand and just rub her. She'll be purring and getting really into it, and then right when she has "The Big O" she'll scream and turn around and bite you.

LOU: I was trying to figure out if female cats get orgasms.

RD: I don't think they can get one with a male cat, but they can with a person and a sock. I don't know of any sensational Sebadoh events. Do you?

LOU: No. Other than my past with Dinosaur.

RD: I don't want to hear about that, I don't care about it. I don't mean to insult your old band, but they're just not all that interesting. Except...how much money did you make?

LOU: About \$5000 on the last tour.

RD: Oh my goodness.

LOU: Yeah, it was like a miracle of life. I thought, "I can't believe I have \$5000."

RD: What did you do with it?

LOU: I lived in an apartment that cost \$200 a month, and my girlfriend graduated from college, and I said just cool out, don't get a job, and I got kicked out of the band, and we had a shitload of free time. So we hung out for about a year, and then we ran out of money, so Kathleen got a job, so she's kind of supporting me now. And I'm still getting my royalty checks from Dinosaur.

RD: How much?

LOU: I get \$500 every once in a while, whenever J feels sufficiently guilty enough to send me money. Apparently he owes me a lot more than that, and SST owes Dinosaur something like \$43,000 more.

RD: I'm jealous!

LOU: Yeah, it's weird.

RD: How much did you get paid for the Sebadoh records on Homestead?

LOU: \$750 first record, \$1500 second record

RD: How did The Freed Man sell?

LOU: I think maybe 1000 copies.

RD: What did you have for jobs before that?

LOU: I worked in a nursing home. I worked in a veteran's hospital. And I worked for the state at this mental health halfway house. I worked as an orderly in all my jobs, for old people-cleaning them up and stuff like that. Most of them were really out of it, like Alzheimer's patients. There was no one that had any personality.

RD: What did they talk about?

LOU: They just usually repeated things over and over again every day. Like if they needed to smoke. Their lives

would just revolve around cigarettes or food. Other than that, they'd just be out of it, so they'd mutter all day. It was pretty depressing but actually I liked it.

RD: Do you get a lot of letters?

LOU: No. About 5 or 6 people.

RD: That's it?!

LOU: Yeah. See, I write back really quickly, and it scares people, and they think, "Oh god!"

but I love them because they ~~are~~ have to go thru a lot to trust me.
Sometimes I feel superior to them ~~and embarrassed for being so stupid~~
~~because I feel no~~ because I am more aware.
but mostly I feel like a child and I act like a child.

I am scared that I may truly be an idiot, I am scared of what I truly look like because I may be ugly. There is nothing worse than being ugly. Nobody likes you when you're ugly.

~~A stupid person~~ the only thing worse is being stupid. No one loves a stupid person because it is impossible. ~~that's why~~ I cannot love something ~~that~~ feel superior to.

RD: Where did all the dissatisfied songs come from?

LOU: All the songs on Weed Forestin were from a completely negative part of my life. I had never had sex and I was living at my parent's house and Dinosaur was a fucking drag. That was about 3,4 years ago, and I was smoking a lot of pot.

RD: How old are you?

LOU: 24

RD: What do you do?

LOU: I just hang around the house.

RD: Did you ever act out when you were a kid? Run away from home?

LOU: No, not at all.

RD: What did you do?

LOU: I caught butterflies and I was really into bugs and I just hung out with my sisters. I was a pretty passive kid.

RD: Were you well-liked at school?

LOU: No, not particularly.

RD: Ignored?

LOU: Probably. As much as I ignored anyone else

RD: Did you have any friends at all?

LOU: Just who I played in a band with

RD: Did you hang out with them besides for musical reasons?

LOU: No.

RD: How about Eric (the other guy in Sebadoh)--is he your friend besides being your bandmate?

LOU: No.

RD: Do you have any friends besides your girlfriend?

LOU: Yeah. I have one friend. His name is Mark. He's really obnoxious. I really like him. We've always entertained each other ever since we were little just being completely obnoxious. He introduced me to drugs and everything. He hangs out with really scary people, so he's always kind of an adventure to be with

RD: How come your girlfriend doesn't sing with you?

LOU: I think my music scares her. I tend to reveal a lot of myself in my music that tends to threaten the people around me

RD: Are all those girlfriend songs about her?

LOU: No.

RD: Did you have a different girlfriend before?

LOU: I had no girlfriend before.

RD: All those songs about stagnant relationships--

LOU: They're about girls I had met for 10 minutes at a time. Or, my first sex experience was the most miserable thing of my life. Other than that, it's all complete conjecture.

RD: You know the one where you're breaking up with your girlfriend over the phone--is that real?

LOU: Yeah, that's Eric and his girlfriend

RD: Would your girlfriend prefer that you were less exact in your songs?

LOU: Probably. Sometimes I wish I was less exact. But when I start making them, I can't stop. It wouldn't serve any purpose for me if I rounded out any edges. Usually I'm the one who'll be listening to it a million times anyway. I listen to my own music more than anything else, so I'm going to make it as interesting for myself as possible, and the way to do that is to really say exactly what I'm thinking.

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RD: Ever have any bouts of insanity?

LOU: No.

every time I write I feel stupid. For a person a lower form of the MP appears to write. I feel like music is the most important thing in my life. I'm feeling very self absorbed and almost guilty. I feel like no one could like my tapes cause they suck because I ~~could~~ be insane. If I am insane then my music would be understandable only to itself. If my music is no good I will pull away in myself. ~~My music is~~ I really don't know what I would do. If no one thought my music was special.

I want to throw all this away because it is not what I feel all the time

~~My music is~~ I think I could be a genius, I am a genius. No one can tell me anything. I feel very stupid and guilty for calling myself a genius....

RD: How do you write the songs?

LOU: It takes me a long time to write a song. I change things so they fit in with singing. I really like the sound of words, almost more than the words themselves. It seems like I have a very limited vocabulary of words I use in songs. I like to use the same words because I like the way they sound.

RD: Do you think you could become a star with this music?

LOU: I really believe in what I'm doing. I think it's really great. I think that eventually people will realize that it's a pretty much true communication and I don't know, I'm totally fooling myself.

RD: Do you see any action coming out of that communication?

LOU: When I was at my most paranoid, I thought, 'Someone's gonna kill me.' I thought, 'Someone should kill me, this is really bad, really evil.'

-tape goes off-

OUTRO

WINTER 1990

500 COPIES

OFFSET PRINTING

I was going to call this "Special Black Flag Magazine", but I was afraid people would think it said "Special Black Flag", and not buy it. Then I was going to call it "The Sassy Magazine", but I was afraid people would confuse it with that pre-pubescent girl's magazine that featured a Sonic Youth ?" this month, and buy it. So, I guess it'll just be "Rollerderby." This issue is \$2.50 post-paid. So is the next issue. Rollerderby #1 is 10 pages, \$1.25 post-paid. ♡ Your Editor, Lisa Carver
POBOX 1491 DOVER NH 03820 USA